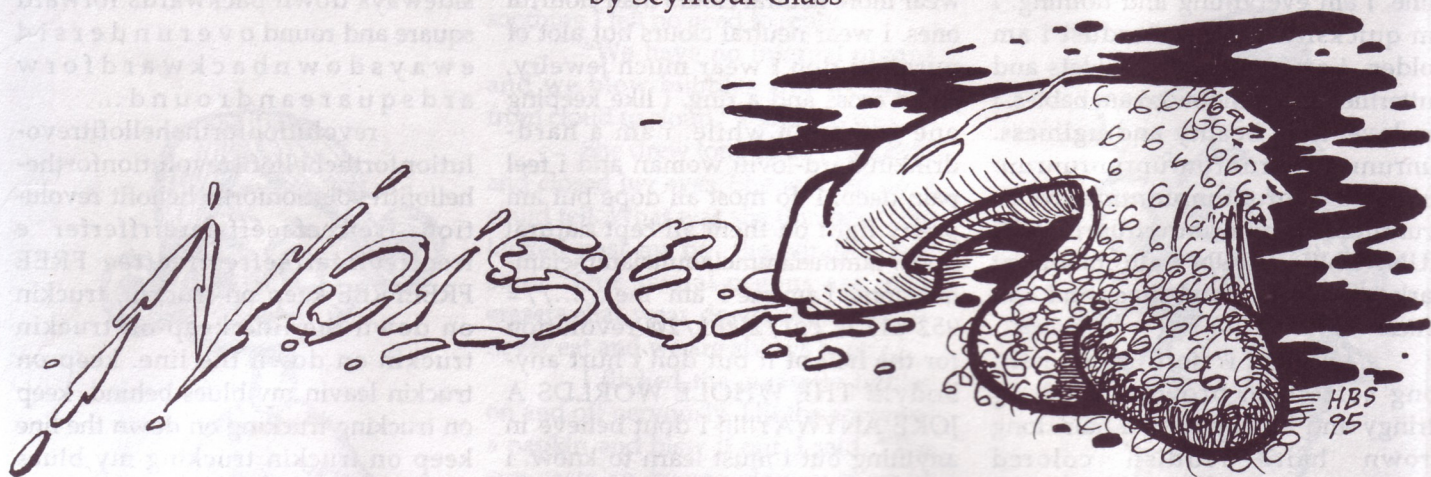


Macronympha

Mean Sheets

by Seymour Glass



Drawing by Harvey Bennett Stafford

BANANAFISH: I was advised not to get into a discussion with you about the triteness of packaging of noise with gruesome, violent imagery or sexually explicit imagery, so let's get it out of the way first.

JOSEPH ROEMER: It's an impulse. We see something we like, we use it. A lot of people see the Hitler face on the cover of the *Noise War* tape compilation and think we're Nazis or militia people. It's an image of war. I like all sorts of intense visual imagery.

RODGER STELLA: It's just shit we have lying around. We see a picture of some nice looking pussy, we think, "Man, that would look good blown up."

BF: You ever think about why you think it's good?

JOSEPH: We can look at 20 pictures of pussies and then there's one that has a big, fat clit in a weird place with a lot of skin hangin' off the sides or something. We think, Wow, that's really unique, and we want to blow it up because it's not a normal pussy.

BF: I saw this film once a long time ago, it was a montage of penises. None of them were erect or doing anything. It was several hundred dicks just hanging there one after the other.

RODGER: Hey, man, we don't like dicks so much.

JOSEPH: Did you ever see that plaster caster exhibit of all the fuckin' hard-ons that that chick made? It was too

weird, man. She had like Jimi Hendrix's dick, Kurt Cobain's dick... It's on exhibit in New York. Frank Zappa wanted his back before he died.

RODGER: I don't want to talk about Frank Zappa, man.

JOSEPH: Oh yeah, don't put none of this in the interview.

BF: I love it when people say that. How can you guys like pussy but not dick?

RODGER: What kind of fuckin' question's that?

JOSEPH: Dick's got the power. It's nice to use a dick ramming into something because it's going to convey what the sound's gonna be like, pretty much. Sex can be pretty loud and nasty, too. Dicks have their place, but you wouldn't want to see a dick just sitting there, like on those Le Syndicat releases. That's kind of bogus, but if a dick's doing something, it's cool. Ramming into something, being abused... That's nice shit. People need to see that.

BF: With the *Slave Labor* double-cassette, there's a booklet that has excerpts from some sort of scientific survey about rape.

RODGER: That's from a book I found in front of As Is Bob's Magic Store.

JOSEPH: It reminded me of some of the stuff I have by H.L. Masters and the *Perverse Crimes in History* book, a

lot of which is based on sex crimes and psychological evaluations of people's motivations. It's cool to figure out what people think about rape and their early sexual fantasies, from a clinical standpoint. I'm not trying to make a statement or nothin'. I'm just a scientist and a noise-head.

RODGER: Don't you get interested reading that kind of thing? It's not about sex. It's about interest.

JOSEPH: I couldn't believe some of the people in that book were afraid of lickin' pussy. It's unbelievable that men raped women because they didn't want to lick pussy.

RODGER: They were probably makin' that shit up anyway.

JOSEPH: Yeah, half the answers you can't trust.

RODGER: You ever rape anybody, Seymour?

BF: No. Actually, that was one of my questions for you.

JOSEPH: Both of us have been raped by women. I guess it's fair game to say that we've done it a couple times ourselves. It was petty much consensual, but it was definitely forced sex.

BF: It was someone you knew.

JOSEPH: We didn't pluck a coed off the campus and tie her up in the trunk of the car or anything.

RODGER: I haven't tried stalking.

JOSEPH: Stalking's only good for murder. It's not good for sex. A stalker's purpose is to figure out habits and the times they occur. That's stuff you

need to know for murder or sabotage, but not to get laid. Sex should be more fun than sitting in a car observing.

RODGER: We just did some recordings for Rudolf of Runzelstirn and Gurgelstock. I sent him some of my dog recordings and he did some of his psycho-organic actions on his body and his ol' lady or something. Pieces of wood. It was cool. Mixed 'em up. That's what dogs are for — manipulating'.

JOSEPH: I had this terrible dog at my house. It was the meanest little fuckin' dachshund. We used to put him in the bathtub and hit him with a broom. He bit Rodger a couple times. My cat used to kick its ass all the time. She poked him in the eyes and scratched him a couple times. She is fast. The fuckin' dog was cowerin' in the corner.

BF: You guys know anybody who's ever been raped?

RODGER: What are you askin' this shit for?

JOSEPH: Fuck, I think I might've raped somebody once. It was fun, though. I had this one chick that idol-

ized me when I was about 18. She was about 14. She wanted to fuck but I had to show her where her pussy was at, you know. It had been closed up until that point.

RODGER: Did you bust it open?

JOSEPH: Busted it open big time. It was a good experience. She didn't regret it.

BF: Where is she now?

JOSEPH: In my hometown in Massachusetts having a family, thinking about my dick every other night. That kind of shit hangs with you for a long time, early sexual experiences.

BF: Who initiated it?

JOSEPH: She came over and wanted to smoke pot.

RODGER: Did you hold her down?

JOSEPH: She liked kissing and having her tits felt up and touching my dick, but when it actually came to the fuckin' part, she had no experience. She didn't know what it was all about. Of course, bustin' her hymen was kind of painful, so that took force, keeping her in one place for a while until she got the rhythm down. Then she got into it. She dug it.

RODGER: You ever get so nervous your dick wouldn't work?

BF: Yeah.

JOSEPH: That's happened to me a couple times, but with tentative chicks.

RODGER: Never happened to me.

JOSEPH: It's all depends on the look in their eyes.

RODGER: I passed out at this place one time. I fell on the table and busted it. I woke up later and didn't have any pants on. There was this big chick sittin' there watching cartoons on TV. I was tryin' to remember taking my pants off and couldn't.

BF: Where were you?

RODGER: At an after hours party eating apples and acid. I was all dressed up in a tie and a suit. That was a good one.

JOSEPH: You're one of the few noise people in San Francisco that we get along with. Everyone's so easily offended. You don't belong there. People are afraid to say the wrong thing and be thought of as "uncool."

BF: I'm from New England originally.

JOSEPH: Well, there you go. You got a



Live in Pittsburgh. Rodger on guitar. Photo by Liz Fox



Joseph smashing a steel sheet with an iron pipe

New England edge to you.

BF: I never thought of it as an edge. More like a stick up my ass. Have you offended someone from San Francisco?

JOSEPH: Not really, but for instance, Mason Jones helped us a lot when we first started out, and we've been in contact with him for a long time. But after a while he was telling us not to use so much sex in our artwork. Fuck that. Who's he to tell us what to use in our artwork? He decried the bombing in Oklahoma and I wish there were more dead baby parts splattered on the street so CNN could fucking show 'em to the world. We're no big militia supporters, but I kinda dug what happened. I believe in an eye for an eye, that revenge theory. If the FBI can do what they did in Waco, the militia were more than justified in blowing up that building in Oklahoma. I wish that kind of thing happened more often.

BF: What do you think about the militia's technique? It seemed kind of sloppy to me.

JOSEPH: These guys aren't brain sur-

geons. They're smart, but they're not the kind of guys who are going to plan a long-term strategy that they could stretch out over two or three years. I think the bomber wanted to get caught. He used his own name to register the truck.

BF: You'd think after the World Trade Center bombing, no one would make an idiotic mistake like that again.

JOSEPH: He should have known about the axles and the VIN numbers. You can get hot vehicles with the numbers shaved off from the Mafia. If I knew I had a terminal disease, I have the kind of anger in me that I would do something like that. I'd probably do it on a one-on-one basis, though. I don't think I'd blow up things, but I would stalk people and kill 'em in person. I'd kill Rush Limbaugh. I'd fucking shoot him and string him up in a tree, gut him and pull out his entrails, make a real messy spectacle of it. On purpose. I'd do that to Republican senators, corporate businesspeople. If I killed Rush Limbaugh, I could get away with that and maybe five other people before I got caught. But I

can appreciate what happened in Oklahoma. Ammonium nitrate, if that's all you got...

BF: Is Macronympha pretty much the two of you? Do Liz and Nicole and Dave and Tom do anything?

RODGER: Puh. They never do nothing. They're just like additives, people to run the machine. We use people.

JOSEPH: None of the people who've played with us contribute to the studio releases.

RODGER: We record them but we always mix it and cut it up ourselves.

JOSEPH: Fuck noises are good. You know, samples of your chick while you're fucking her.

RODGER: I got a new chick to sample next week. It'll be good. I made this one recording with my body covered with Scooby Doo stamps and a microphone strapped to my chest. Put it through some distortion and had Nicole beat me. Then I started fucking her. We were laughing, having a good time.

JOSEPH: Sounds like you were on nitrous.

RODGER: We were on good love vibes. You know, when you're with your chick and you get all happy, that's what that was about. It's cool to record stuff like that.

JOSEPH: If you slap a microphone onto the bedpost and tape yourself slamming her against the wall, you can get some pretty sick sounds that way. The physicality of it. Some of what Rodger was talking about is on the *Ultimate Vibrator* tape.

BF: What does Nicole think about you taping yourself having sex with someone else? Is she jealous?

RODGER: She's in Maryland. On a beach. She's a hippy now.

JOSEPH: She said she didn't like the person she became when she was around Rodger.

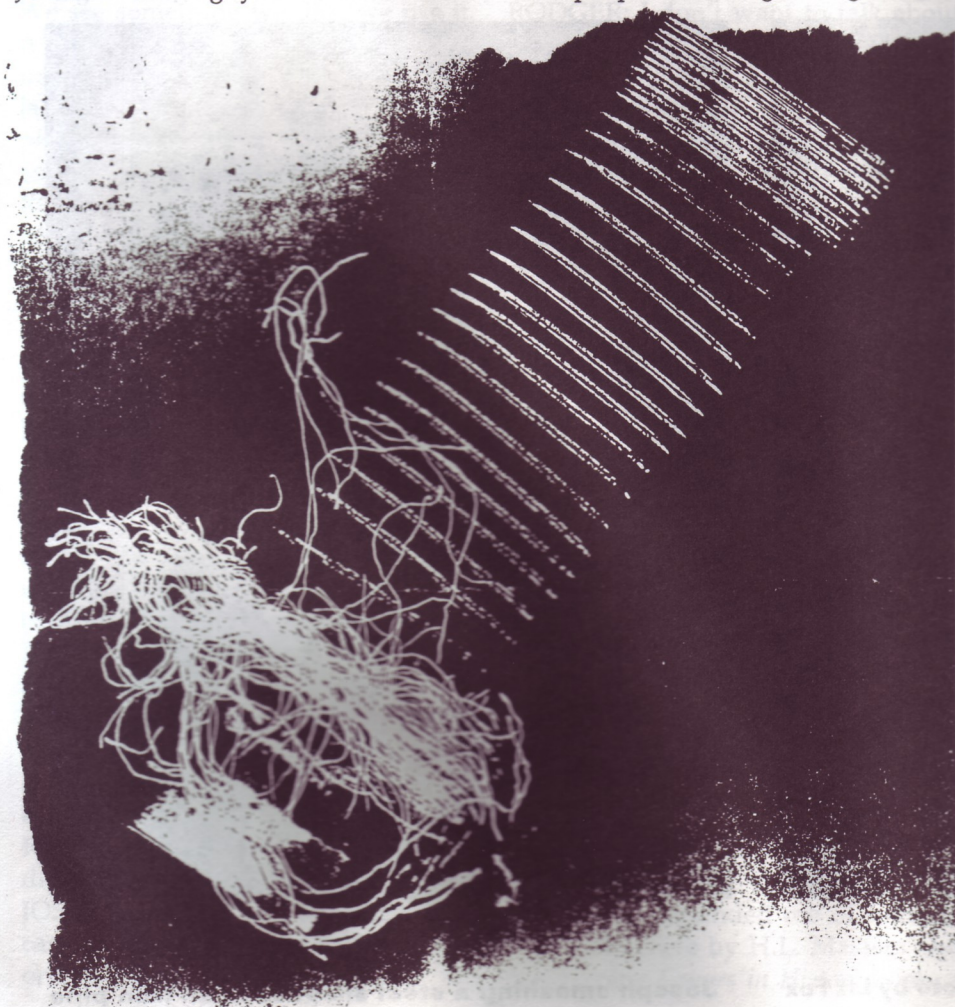
BF: You drove her away? I can't imagine why.

RODGER: I've been recording big, heavy jack beats coming out of jeeps. Ice Cube and stuff. Mixing it and manipulating it, making it all bass-heavy.

BF: You record it with a microphone as the cars go by?

RODGER: Yeah, it's nice.

JOSEPH: Engine car noises are nice, too. Blender motors, VCR motors, drill



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motors, sanding motors. I was all drunk one night and I swallowed a quarter-inch jack plug about three inches down my throat and plugged the other end into the tape deck. It was making all sorts of sick, textured noises.

BF: Tell me about the tape you made that was packaged in animal parts.

JOSEPH: The hooves tape. Dave Walkett from Smell and Quim put it out on his label, Stinky Horse Fuckers. It was titled *Insemination Bath: Radio for the People* and was a live broadcast from WRCT radio station. We're trying to get cow bellies from a slaughterhouse or something. It takes about six months for them to dry out. If my neighbors saw 25 cow bellies drying out in my backyard...

BF: You mentioned the *Noise War*

compilation before.

JOSEPH: We made 300 copies and they're all sold. We'll reissue it someday if someone's interested.

RODGER: There's a European edition that comes in a concrete block. You have to break it open to get it out. Sounds For Consciousness Rape released it.

BF: Was it tough dealing with so many people?

JOSEPH: Yeah, a little. Made a lot of new friends, found out who was sincere about supplying harsh noise and who was just trying to be associated with other names. I like that Thirdorgan guy. I think he's really talented. The track we got from Masami was good. He sent us some good Merzbow stuff. I liked the Incapacitants track, too. We found out some stuff about

the Freudwerk guy from the Telepherique guy, who founded Freudwerk. His sound has changed over the years. Freudwerk isn't doing noise any more.

BF: What did you find out about Freudwerk?

JOSEPH: That Axel was a techno-house deejay who only put out noise to become famous and make money. Klaus Jochim and his brother were the actual noise creators that he exploited. RODGER: The stuff he has out, though, is really good. Lots of metallic loops, like New Blockaders. They're awesome, too.

JOSEPH: We invited New Blockaders to contribute, but Richard Rupenus said he didn't want to put stuff out under that name for awhile. He wants to concentrate on the Organum stuff. I think for Volume Three in 1997, Gerogerigegege, Killer Bug, Government Alpha, Knurl, Aube, Skin Crime, Telepherique and some other artists not on the first two volumes will submit something.

BF: Let's talk about the collaboration you did with Evil Moisture.

JOSEPH: I sent him a bunch of shit to wire — circuit boards from my job after the fire at our factory. He makes relays out of blenders, delays out of TV sets. Andy is an original and a valued friend. He's a nut.

RODGER: We sent him material first and he worked on that. Then he sent us about 90 minutes of sources and cut it all up with stuff that we did. We just kept trading. After I had about a half-hour of mixes, I sent him the tapes and he cut it up and did the final mixdown.

JOSEPH: We spent awhile cutting that stuff up and making sure it was loud and nasty.

BF: Do you cut it up randomly or do you pay attention to where you're cutting it?

RODGER: I could spend a couple hours if I get real mellowed out. Two-second pieces, overlappin'. I like cut-ups with like two or three things comin' outta each channel. That's my favorite stuff, like Entre Vifs. But I don't know if they have tape cut-ups or if they have machines kickin' that stuff out. It's cool. I like the stuff that flies out of everywhere.

BF: Masonna is the best at that I think.

I never get tired of listening to him.

RODGER: Hijo Kaidan's stuff is also pretty good, droney, like an Organum sound. One tone.

BF: Masonna is always moving fast, but Hijo Kaidan has a weird stillness to it. It's the closest thing to a real wall of noise that I've ever heard. Anyway, on the Evil Moisture/Macronympha collaboration, the third track is called "Yokohama Pussy Hair." I wonder what that refers to?

JOSEPH: Rodger's girlfriend.

BF: Who made up that title?

RODGER: Who knows, man.

JOSEPH: One of us.

BF: Is anyone famous from Yokohama?

JOSEPH: You mean besides Big Brown Nipples? That's what I call her.

BF: Mayuko Hino?

RODGER: We were watching some nice porno bondage movies of her, smoking a couple doobies, just hangin'. She said, "I do movie, but no penetration, I good girl."

JOSEPH: I said, "No penetration, no good." We might use that for the title of our split record with Incapacitants, which we're putting out on Mother Savage.

RODGER: I wanted to call it *Wet Panty Contest*.

JOSEPH: The whole title of the record will be *Wet Panty Contest: No Penetration, No Good*. We want to use a blown-up photo of an asshole with jelly on it that's about to get penetrated. We don't know if the copy shop doing the artwork will be hip to that. We'll have to talk them into it, I guess. Incapacitants' side will be called *I Hate Derivatives*.

BF: The first time you mentioned Mayuko Hino, you said, "After exchanging ideas on the physical as well as philosophical aspects of life, I became enamored of the feminine Japanese mystique forever," which probably refers to the memorable "No penetration, no good" conversation. But then in a later letter you said, "She is severely stuck up and overexposed." What happened in between?

RODGER: Man, are you going to put this in that magazine? You're just going to get her pissed off at us again.

JOSEPH: The truth will set us free, man. We like her. We had a misunderstanding that has been corrected.



RODGER: She's cool, man. Fumio's cool, too, man. That dude's trippy.

JOSEPH: Hiroshi's like us, man. He just wants to sit around and smoke dope. We love C.C.C.C. When we were in Ohio, the cops tried to fine her \$100 for parking her car and we chased the tow truck down the street for her. We were banging on the truck. The cops showed up.

RODGER: I spit in the tow truck driver's face, man.

JOSEPH: We were ready to kick the guy's fuckin' ass for her.

RODGER: I told him I was going to fuck his mother. I told him to come out of there and give these people their money back.

JOSEPH: We were running after the cops and tow trucks and these black kids we're running with are yelling, "Yeah! We'll help you!" We were all running down the street yelling "Stop! Stop!" This one kid ran like a fucking halfback. He was right next to me and Rodger like O.J. running down Bundy after he killed his wife.

RODGER: I jumped right into the tow truck. I said, "You come here, man. You can't fuck these people over. They're visiting, man."

BF: Why was Mayuko Hino angry about the *Noise Death* videotape?

JOSEPH: It was miscommunication through the mail. I think that people out there on the West Coast spread a

few rumors about us. Someone thought we were doing a massive, high-class production. You've seen our videotapes. They're not like those Japanese videotapes with a lot of special effects and stuff. We record over old John Wayne movies and shit.

BF: Actually, I haven't seen any of your videotapes.

JOSEPH: Yeah, you have. I sent you one.

BF: No, I don't think so.

RODGER: See, man? That's how we get fucked up. We don't know what we do.

JOSEPH: We sent a few out to friends, and C.C.C.C. got the impression we were selling 'em for big money. We gave away 12 copies in trade for other people's cassettes or something, and sold about four or five. I sent Mayuko Hino 20 bucks and said, "If you're cool and you'll contact us, I'll send you half of every dime we make off this." As soon as she got mad about it last year, we deleted it from the catalog. I was trying to prove to them that I wasn't going to send out any more copies. That's probably why I never sent it to you. She thinks we tried to rip them off, but she should have known better. That's why we thought she was arrogant.

RODGER: I couldn't believe that they would doubt our integrity for one minute. We love them.

BF: What's on this videotape, anyway?

JOSEPH: At the time Rodg and I were living in separate places. Now we live about two miles away from each other. We had some of the footage that his girlfriend had shot on videotape at her apartment in Erie and some of the footage was here in Pittsburgh. By the time my girlfriend put together the tape with the four vignettes on it, we were supposed to have sent them a copy of it to look at, but I thought Rodger had sent her one. Lee Pembleton said he was going to send her a copy of the footage he shot of the shows in Chicago. There're are four different thing on the videotape. Two of them were shot in Chicago by Lee Pembleton, Rodger's girlfriend shot one, and we shot one. I thought Ma-yuko had received copies from all the individual sources. I didn't think I had to send a compilation of all of them. I didn't think I needed to ask permission because we never intended to make any big money.

BF: You probably couldn't have made much if you'd wanted to.

JOSEPH: It's a labor of sweaty balls and love. We wanted our friends to see why noise, nudity and lots of beer go so well together.

BF: Did she have a problem with the content?

JOSEPH: No, she wasn't smoking cigarettes with her pussy lips or nothing. It was footage of the live shows, the dripping candle wax stuff. I've seen strippers who come out and bring out a few cigarettes and fucking blow smoke rings with their pussies. It's amazing what they can do with cunt muscles. It's one of the strongest muscles in your body, the pussy muscle. During our shows Rodger tried fucking Niki on stage and at the end of a Chicago show, I pretended to strangle Liz with a mike cord. The audience actually thought I had murdered her.

BF: Tell me about the *Silver Eye* videotape. Since you guys can't do anything right, I've never seen that one either.

RODGER: You would dig Jimmy the Rat. That dude is totally insane. He has shit happening in his head. He knows what's up but he doesn't know what's going on.

BF: What the hell does that mean?

RODGER: Everything he does is so

funny and right on, but he doesn't know.

JOSEPH: He's like an existential character in a Camus novel or a surrealist film.

RODGER: If he wants to do something, he'll do it, anything. He shit on his neighbor's front step. The cops came and he was trying to beat them up.

JOSEPH: He was saying to the cops, "I'm gonna kick yer ass!" and he's got a whole ounce of weed sitting on the table.

RODGER: I took his telephone and put it in the microwave.

JOSEPH: It stunk. He got mad and came after Rodger with a knife. After he did that, we got about 30 knives and pinned him down with knives. One on each side of his throat...

RODGER: One on each finger.

JOSEPH: He couldn't move half an inch either way without getting sliced open. He was so apologetic. His girlfriend always wants to fuck. She's crazy. I don't know why she stays with him. He's like 42 years old and she's 19 or 20.

RODGER: Before the show started, we went and bought these mice at the pet store. On the way to the show, he was in his truck, the chick's driving. He was trying to get the mice drunk on vodka. One of the mice got loose, so they pulled over on the parkway.

JOSEPH: This cop pulled up behind them and said, "How come you're driving all fucked up from lane to lane?" And he started screaming, "There's a mouse in my house! There's a mouse in my house!" They found the mouse something like three days later in the ventilation system. When we got there, it was this art gallery atmosphere. It was all... this guy with his photographs. We

weren't supposed to play any bass tones. The guy who set up the show knew we bring bass amps with us when we play. It was a great show. The photos were falling off the walls, Jimmy was running around soaking the mice's heads in vodka and eating them. He regurgitated one of them. Everybody left by the time we played. RODGER: Small Cruel Party played at that show. I didn't see him, but he was doing something real conceptual, recordings of dirt or something. Stuff that doesn't sound good but it's cool to read about. Everybody attacked Jimmy the Rat with chairs, threw chairs at the walls.

BF: Was Jimmy the Rat eating mice as part of your performance, or does he just eat them because they taste good?

JOSEPH: He was eating them because



Jimmy the Rat and Rodger at the Silver Eye
Photo by Brian Meyer

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we asked him if he would.

RODGER: It looked like a diaper he was wearing. He had on sunglasses and a bag over his head. His girlfriend Carol was going to come out wearing this G-string thing and blow him with a deep throat suck job. Jimmy was going to defecate while we were jamming. We didn't even make it to the maximum volume. We were just being mellow. After about 20 minutes we were going to freak out. We were going to use Jimmy taking a shit as our cue to go into the hard noise.

BF: That's a cue all right.

JOSEPH: But it never got that far. We got the plug pulled on us. The guy who did it looked like one of the BeeGees, man. It was a terrible experience.

RODGER: We were excited. We thought, This is it and we're going to get it all on tape. This is the pinnacle. And all we got was a few mice and some pictures falling on the ground. I felt like a 60-year-old man with a serious weight problem at that point. I was freaking. I was in ill spirits. We felt like killing somebody.

JOSEPH: You were staring at people in the crowd. They didn't want to hang with the whole thing. They were expecting something like pop music with little poems and everyone being friendly and European and showing their butt cracks.

BF: Showing butt crack is a European trait? I think you have Europeans confused with simians.

JOSEPH: At Carnegie-Mellon University, some guy was crawling around on the floor making noises with rocks. He looked like John Goodman playing plumber.

RODGER: Hhck. Hhck. It was believable as art.

JOSEPH: Peter Duimelinks from THU20 was doing mostly electronics. Frans de Waard was playing with two pet rocks, rubbing them together. It was his ass everyone saw.

RODGER: I guess that's cool. I've done that, but not for 40 minutes.

JOSEPH: Dan Burke from Illusion of Safety was cool to us this first time he met us. Maybe because he was desperate for dope. It was when *Naked Lunch* was showing over at the Beehive. He played a week before us there. At the first show we traded tapes. He was

looking to buy a bag of weed so Manny Theiner hooked him up with someone later on. We didn't know that at the time. We had a quarter pound of dope in the car. We could have sold him a bag.

RODGER: Don't talk about that.

JOSEPH: But the second time we ran into him was in Chicago. He was playing disco music during the C.C.C.C. show. He opened for us, playing a rack-mount keyboard and bass that sounded like house-techno. That show wasn't all that cool. He said he was on his way to Amsterdam. By the time we saw him in Pittsburgh, he was so offended because we wanted to have a beer and get him high and talk to him for a little while. We were cutting into his time. When we started playing he grabbed his ears and ran out of the room like a little girl. We're like, "Man, what the fuck is with this guy?"

RODGER: Ohhh...

JOSEPH: Through the grapevine, I heard he was saying, "Oh, I don't know why those guys have to be so loud and crazy. They drive everybody nuts." Shit, that's what a noise show is all about.

RODGER: Oh, man, don't be trashing people.

JOSEPH: I'm not trashing people. I'm just saying, you know, people look up to some of these guys and they have perverse habits, too, just like every one of us. It's a free country.

BF: One of you said in an interview I read that "noise is a conduit for inner turmoil and inner expression."

JOSEPH: You play what you live, pretty much. It's catharsis.

BF: Are they absolutely required in order to produce it? Is it possible to make noise without having inner turmoil?

JOSEPH: Oh, yeah.

RODGER: You can make noise any way you want.

JOSEPH: There's a thousand different ways. I don't think we've ever recorded the same thing twice. I'm just searching for the harshest but most interesting end products.

RODGER: Everybody's got their own theory about noise. It's not hard to do. You just got to find it.

JOSEPH: Live shows are different than doing stuff on your four-track.

The purpose of live shows is venting the emotions of that day. We don't plan nothing. We don't time or rehearse pieces. It's improv. That's the fun part for us. Normally, you come home from work, you're pissed off, shit's going on, traffic sucks, you want to kill everyone you see. By the time you play a show, it all comes out in the music. That's what the Japs do.

RODGER: We're not theorists and shit. We don't have an agenda we're trying to push. We're just plugging our stuff in and hanging with it, man.

JOSEPH: In the studio, we come up with sounds and edits, stuff that we don't do when we're playing live.

RODGER: We get ideas. We fuck with them.

JOSEPH: Ideas are ideas; concepts are concepts. There's a world of difference. There's no good shit in concepts. Conceptual stuff sounds like a pretentious plan. It's self-defeating because the actual creativity occurs in the planning of the event, not in the performing of the event.

RODGER: You gotta do it as soon as you think of it. That's not just sound-wise. That's living.

JOSEPH: Even relating to chicks on a day-to-day basis.

RODGER: That's the only way to feel successful.

BF: How about inner turmoil in the members of the audience? Do you think it's a prerequisite there?

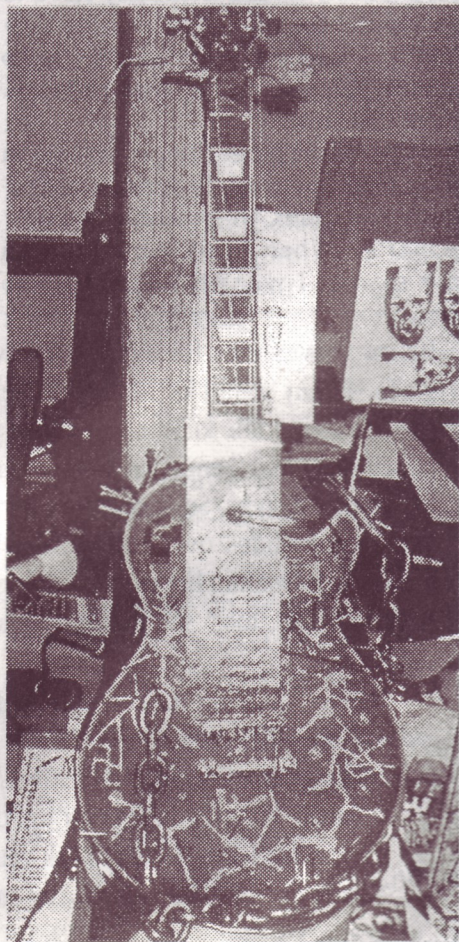
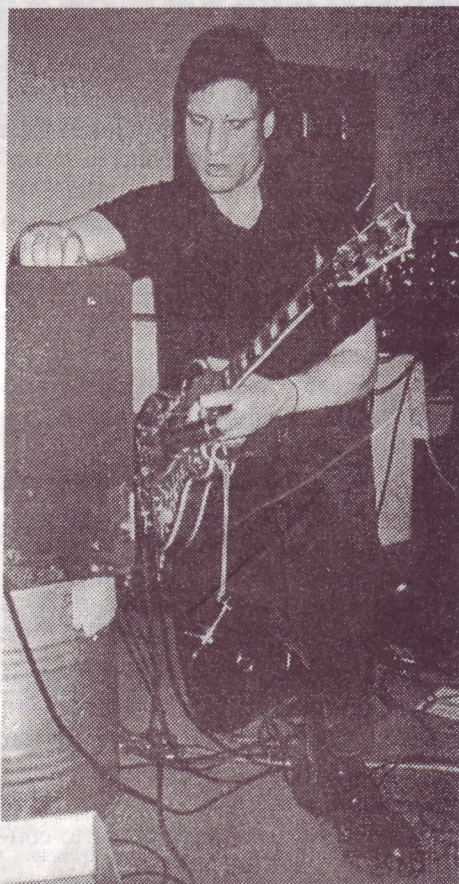
RODGER: I can't get into the kind of people who come and look at the stuff. That's weird. People who do that are not people I think I could hang out with. But I only like to hang out with severe, crazy, freaked people. If someone's sitting there complacently and all they have is a mass agenda on their mind, I can't hang with that. I gotta be around people that start screamin' for no reason. It doesn't seem like people who come look at noise are like that. They seem more interested in absorbing information but not in doing anything with it. They collect the shit and have it there, but there's no reason to have it.

JOSEPH: Like silent observers.

RODGER: Everything I have I try to use and manipulate or else give away to someone. I don't like looking at the same thing for three years.

BF: If a person were to freak out at one

Joseph and the chain and spike metal plate guitar



of your shows...

RODGER: I'd try to beat the fuck out of him.

JOSEPH: Sometimes we get antagonistic reactions. It's cool if we can play off it, but we're in charge.

RODGER: If somebody in the audience started screaming and jammin' and freakin' and pushing people...

JOSEPH: Or banging on the metal we have onstage, that's cool.

RODGER: But if they ran up and tried to touch me, I'd try to take them out. It would look cool, too. It would be awesome. There'd be all that noise and then I'd be punching someone in the face.

BF: You would assume that when someone touches you, they understand they're crossing a line that makes face-punching probable?

JOSEPH: That's how life is and we're the guys to carry it through.

RODGER: It's easy to read people if you pay attention to what they're doing. You can figure out what they're intentions are. Unless I could sense inner well-being...

JOSEPH: And they were going to contribute something...

RODGER: I would definitely have to fuck them up.

JOSEPH: Especially someone trying to act the part, faking like they're tough. Fuck that shit.

BF: One of the other things you said in that interview was, "If it reeks of brutality and chaos, we probably like it."

JOSEPH: When I put something on my stereo, I want the speakers to

dance around. I want to hear it in my ears. I want to feel it in my gut. I want to rock back and forth. I want to think, Man, this is visceral. Chaos is energy.

RODGER: Man, when I hang out with Joe and listen to the shit he plays, it's crazy. It's intense. It hurts. I can't even talk sometimes. I like to kick back and listen to Royal Trux, man.

BF: You talk just like Jennifer.

JOSEPH: Ha ha ha ha!

RODGER: Oh, man. That chick is fucking awesome.

JOSEPH: I'd fuck her in a minute.

RODGER: She's got the best voice ever.

BF: Are you related?

RODGER: No, man. I could relate to her, though.

JOSEPH: Ha ha. I'm sure.

BF: Do you think there's a point of exposure to or immersion in chaos, brutality and torture beyond which it no longer affects you?

RODGER: That's kind of how I feel right now. It don't make a difference. We have all these images collected. You can tell if something looks good. It just fits right. It's not like, "I want this totally extreme, crazy picture so I can make some noise to fit in with it."

JOSEPH: It's always the other way around. Sound always comes first.

RODGER: I don't get any ideas from the images. It's just there.

JOSEPH: A lot of our shit doesn't have pictures anyway. It's just pieces of metal and rubber and wood and circuit boards. I like textural presentation with no image. Something to touch.

BF: When you were initially inspired by "noise torture as a means to cause direct reaction and confrontation," what were the circumstances?

JOSEPH: We wanted to see if people in the audience would live it with us. We've seen people from other noise bands at our shows, which is cool. Other noise-heads understand what you're trying to do. With the confrontation aspect, people who don't do noise, who don't live it, it's nice to see them suffer a little bit. You should suffer for anything that's really good. You should have to pay some kind of price. We don't make any money at our shows. All we get out of it is a little fun manipulating people's heads.

BF: Why don't you make money?

JOSEPH: Well, fuck, it's Pittsburgh. We charge two bucks at the door, put 30 people on the guest list. No one's in it to make money.

RODGER: We haven't played in a while.

JOSEPH: We haven't done a live show in over a year.

BF: You guys would prefer to play a live show at a biker bar than at a university coffeehouse?

JOSEPH: You got that right.

RODGER: That's the kind of people we are, that we hang out with. People that are screaming and getting trashed whenever. The dude that says "No, I don't feel like it today," you know, it's like, "Fuck you, man."

BF: What about a cassette or an album as a means to cause direct action and confrontation?

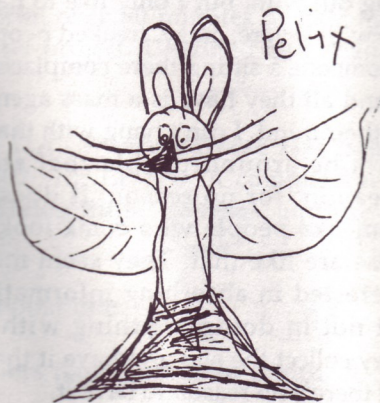
Bunny moves, her fur against the warm green. Bunny thinks of all the dandelions she has licked. She knows it's okay to push herself deep into them. They always remember with happiness. So bunny feels good as her tongue slides over yellow, the little flower drips wet into her mouth. She giggles. "I can do that, too," she thinks, "I know I can."

"Hello, dandelion. You smell pretty today. Can I lick your yellow?" The tiny flower shrugs, two rays drop to her feet.

"I dunno, bunny, you're kinda weird."

"Please dandelion, I want to lick you so bad."

"Okay, but nothing weird...You make me feel strange



sometimes."

Her tongue moves down from yellow to green and flower sighs. A tear hits the earth.

"Bunny, please, I don't know if I want you to do this to me. It just doesn't feel right."

"Don't cry, flower," says bunny, her nose twitching with pleasure, "I'm only doing what you want me to. You know you want me to."

Bunny moves on top of dandelion as wet sticky drips from her private rabbit place. Dandelion takes bunny with a flowermouth, drinking in the warmth. Now bunny sighs, her tail against dandelion's stem, the light fur wet. The pleasure is sublime.

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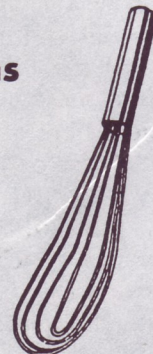
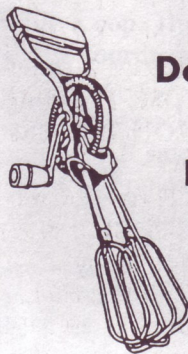
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RODGER: That's a lot harder because people who aren't into noise already probably aren't going to hear them. We only make a few copies and they're going to people who really want to hear that sound, who want to experience that feeling.

BF: So there's no confrontation because the people are willing to participate.

RODGER: You can only create confrontation live. In some ways the extreme graphics can affect people.

BF: But what about Mason's critique of your artwork? Isn't that a confrontation? If he's getting you guys all mad because of what he says about the covers of your tapes and albums, he's helping make that confrontation happen.

JOSEPH: If you listen to something loud enough under any circumstances — sitting in the dark in your room, with a bunch of candles, meditating, if you've got images in your head — that's a good enough confrontation. It's not the same as a live show, where we're trying to get people to look us in the eye. Noise should make something

"happen" and get your attention.

BF: What do you think of Alchemy's packaging, where they take it to the opposite extreme? Some covers depict pastoral scenes, like a cheesy environmental record or a new-age hipnosis therapy album.

JOSEPH: Rodger's into that shit.

RODGER: You know what I'm into? Scooby Doo shit. I love that guy. Except Scrappy. He's a dick. I hate that shit.

JOSEPH: Rodger has a sense of humor and can appreciate Scooby Doo. I hate goofy shit like that. I hate all those Cock E.S.P. drawings and all that Torture Chorus crap. Kiddie puppets during noise shows. Little Princess does that a lot and they suck.

RODGER: That's good shit. When I was growing up, I dug Banana Splits and those Krofft puppet things.

BF: Would you compromise? Like say decapitating a Scooby Doo doll at a live show?

JOSEPH: Everybody does stuff like that. Everybody takes a Snoopy cartoon and draws a big dick on it or something. That's too Negativland,

you know with a pop culture tie-in. We hate pop culture. Once, though, we desecrated a 500-pound Jesus statue on stage.

RODGER: It's more extreme culture.

JOSEPH: I'd rather take our own photographs and manipulate them our own way. Medical photos or heavy machinery in different settings. We found an old photograph of my dad's. My grandfather, a Mafia guy, and my aunt, a biochemist from Rome University, were having a talk with Pope Pious XII.

RODGER: That's a good photo. They're all hanging out doing peace signs.

JOSEPH: It's hilarious, too. This guy's killed probably 20 or 30 people and he's the Pope's best friend. We're going to save the picture for a future release.

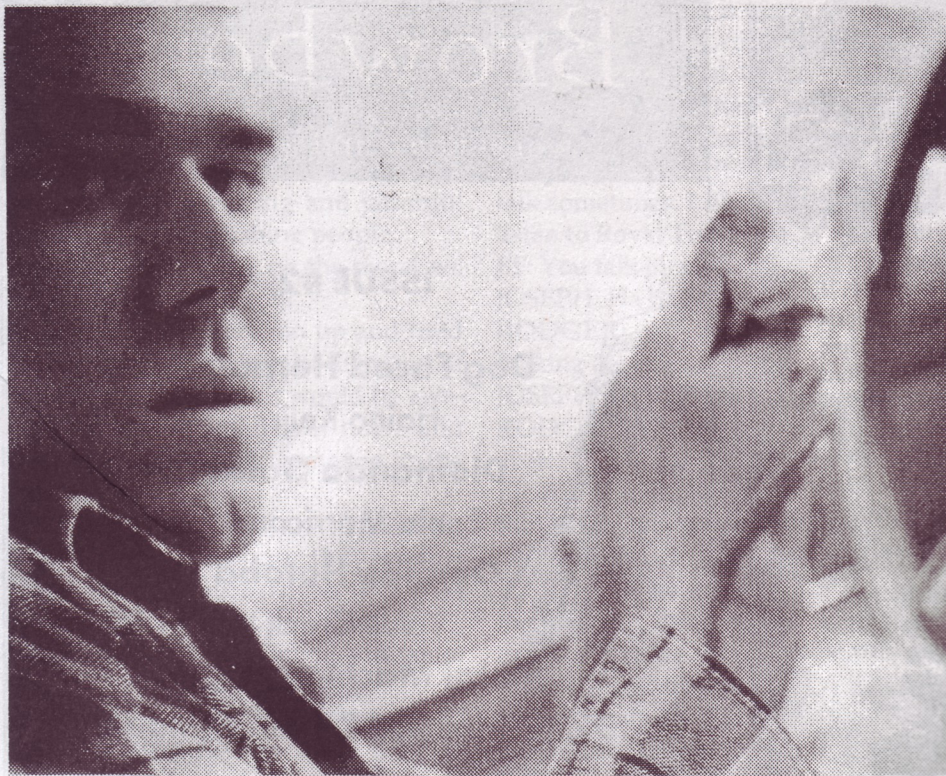
RODGER: '50s Popes are different from '90s Popes. The one we got now is like a machine.

JOSEPH: He's a woman, too.

RODGER: He's got a big pussy and a baboon heart.

JOSEPH: They just put a bunch of

Rodger and his dope. It's pure action, baby. Fuckin' hurts bad



pedophile priests in jail here for fucking 13-year-old boys.

RODGER: Me and my brother were in San Francisco hanging at the Hard Rock Cafe when I was 12. These homos came down the street in a Mercedes, one of those big hills. We're all stoned and shit. This homo goes, "Hey, baby! Why don't you come over here? Take a ride with me." I was like, "What the fuck is this shit, man?" My buddy goes, "Man, this is the fag town."

BF: Did you go with him?

RODGER: We went back to the Hard Rock Cafe with the straight people.

BF: Ugh.

JOSEPH: He was only 12.

RODGER: I had a purpose. I was there to see Chubby Checker's guitar. You guys can't come down on me.

BF: Did Chubby Checker even have a guitar?

JOSEPH: Do you mean Chuck Berry?

RODGER: Fuck Chuck Berry. I saw him open for the Pirates. He's crap.

JOSEPH: When I was in San Francisco, I had been drinking tequila and driving all the way there since Arizona. I went to see this chick who went to school at this Catholic college up on a hill. We were fucking right in her dorm room up against the glass, looking down on the city. Later we went

out to a pizza shop with a bar. Four or five guys hit on me, three or four chicks hit on the girl.

BF: You're not complaining, are you?

JOSEPH: All the Italians I met there were pretty fucking cool, all the gamblers, drug dealers, musicians, criminals, Mafia. It's a pretty cool culture. I wish I could afford to live there.

BF: Pennsylvania had the Hostess Bakery Thrift Store murders. Where's your state pride?

RODGER: That's old news, man.

JOSEPH: It's sick shit, man.

BF: I read that they'd found two legs, which they assumed were female because they'd been shaved.

RODGER: That chick, two months before, had been abducted by this crazy guy. It was out in East Liberty, which is pretty bad-looking.

JOSEPH: It's a ghetto.

RODGER: This crazy old hippy man like Bukowski, maybe younger and a little more frisky and violent, had her chained up to a big toilet for three days. He was fucking her and shooting cum on her and raping her and she finally got loose because she screamed out the window while he was out getting burgers or something. He came back and got busted. But he didn't murder her. He was in jail when she got wasted. She was the

kind of chick that likes bad, crazy men and crack.

JOSEPH: She was probably thumbing and got picked up by a trucker who sliced her up, some serial guy who gets away with it because he's moving from state to state.

BF: The papers said a second set of arms and legs was found 50 miles away.

JOSEPH: They found a fucking head in the dumpster in back of a grocery store right near our house. There are a whole bunch of people who've been killed in Pennsylvania because you get the first one free, pretty much. Pennsylvania has real easy murder laws.

RODGER: It's a cool state.

JOSEPH: If you kill somebody and have an adequate reason, you'll only get about 10 years.

RODGER: It's such a huge state and everybody's kicking bad shit out all the time that they just let it go. They're not too uptight. If you say the right things to the cops, if you tell the truth, they'll let you go. When they see you with an open container having fun, smoking dope, kicking out your vibes and stuff, they say, "Hey, what's going on?" You tell'em "I'm drinking, I'm smoking, I'm having a good time..."

BF: "I'm kicking out my vibes..."

JOSEPH: We walked into this real hot pussy bar. The chicks kinda liked us. They were talking to us. It was after our first show at the Beehive. I was wearing a military coat and Rodger had on a black jacket. Some blacks called us Nazis and shit. We said, "We're not Nazis." We went outside later on and they were acting like they were going to kick our asses so we went to the car, got a couple of tire irons. They ran, like pussies.

BF: And you followed, like people who resent being called Nazis.

RODGER: And the cops pulled us over. We had all this great shit on us, Ionamins, Valiums, pot, and the cop's like, "You been drinking, man." I said, "Yeah, man." He says, "How many?" I said, "Six." He goes, "Why'd you pull out in front of me?" Joe looks over at him and says, "Hey man, we're chasin' niggers."

JOSEPH: He goes, "Don't you hate it when niggers fuck up your day?"

RODGER: He says, "You boys go on home." He's looking in the back and we got five feet of granite Jesus with no head. We'd been using it for the performance. You're not going to print that, are you?

BF: Isn't that why you're telling me about it?

JOSEPH: We'll be nice to anybody as long as they don't act like shit with us. We see through a lot of that posturing crap. We don't hate everyone, just 90% of everyone. We'll take you on if you want to get in our face, no problem.

RODGER: I was kicking up some totally yellow bile one morning right in the middle of the street from my

car. There was this hippy chick next to me. She was all giggling and shit. People were just walking by as I was gagging it up. Then I went to the court building and they took my razor blade. Dude said, "These are getting real scarce." I said, "That's right, brother." I was yakking in the toilet stall and no puke was coming out. This dude was checking me out underneath the stall.

JOSEPH: It was probably a cop. They don't let you smoke in the courthouse anymore.

RODGER: The one-hitter in my pocket made the metal detector beep. I said I couldn't find anything in my pocket. He said, "Must be your big belt buck-

le."

BF: Why did you bring a knife and one-hitter to a courthouse?

RODGER: The place where I parked my car took my keys. I've had drugs stolen from my car. I didn't realize it was a courthouse until I was in there.

BF: You guys seem to have a lot of stories involving hippy chicks.

JOSEPH: What happened? Did she get fined or does she have to go back to court?

RODGER: She's in rehab. She's trouble.

JOSEPH: We've had pretty good luck in court the last couple of years.

BF: The American justice system is pretty much geared for the two of you.

JOSEPH: Ten years ago I got busted for everything. I was in the same jail that O.J. was in. Same part of the building, the west wing of the L.A. County jail. Everywhere I went, Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, arrested, arrested, arrested, in every state for doing nothing. No matter how fucked up Rodger is, he just stares at the cop and tells the truth. The cop looks at him and lets him go. One time I had to take one of those tests. I was all fucked up. I had two ounces of this home-grown green sinsemilla and some beer in the car. I'd just gotten done working at a nursing home with this degenerate guy who was in the car. The cop says, "How come you're driving all fucked up?" I said, "I just had a flat tire. Look at the spare. It's one of those little donut tires." He made me touch my nose standing with one leg stretched out in front of me and count to 33,000.

BF: I don't think I could do that sober.

RODGER: I got pulled over last Sunday by the cops.

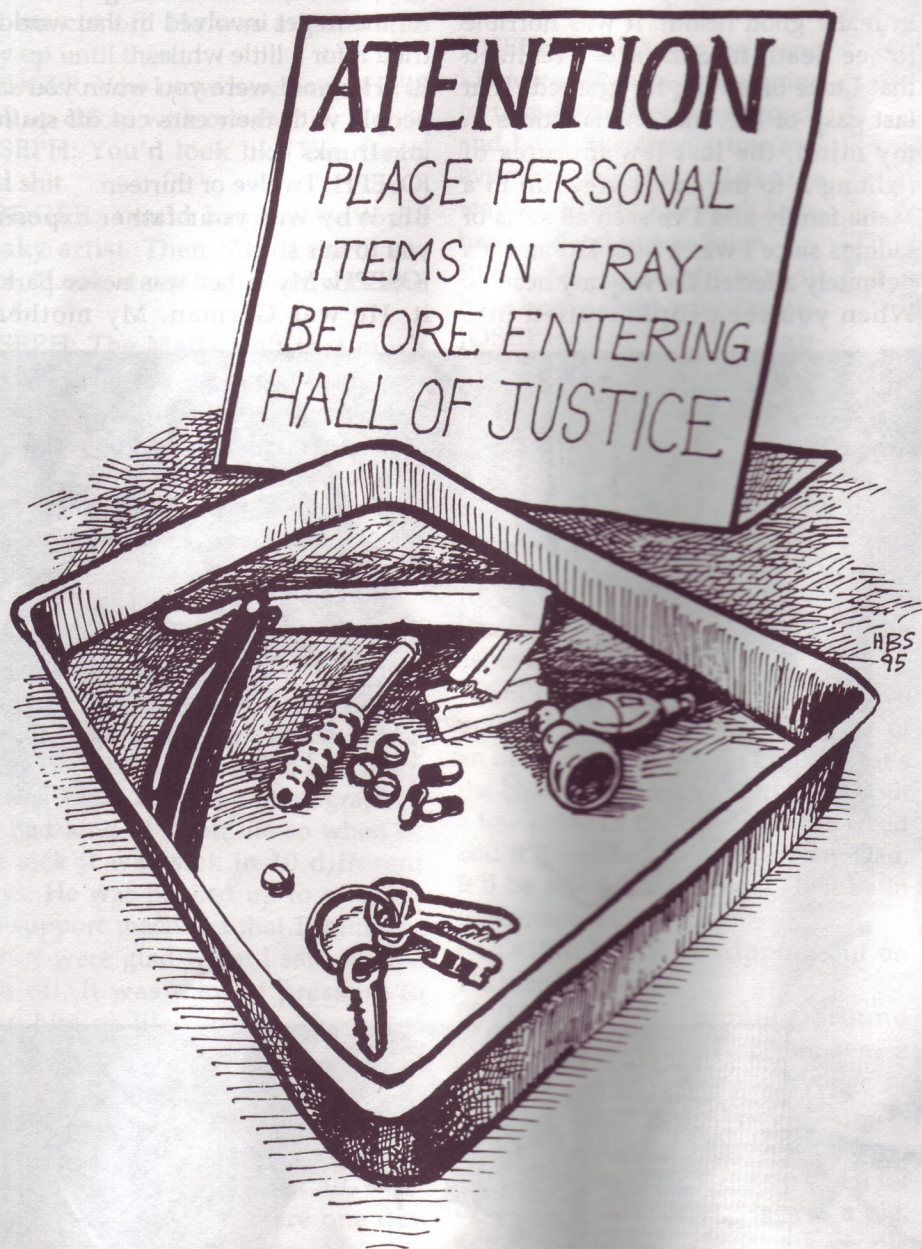
JOSEPH: That was funny. I couldn't believe you got away with that.

BF: What did you do?

RODGER: I was driving and they were fucking with me. They told me I stole my inspection sticker and glued it on myself.

JOSEPH: He had like 20 Dilaudid on him, two bags of weed, open containers of beer.

RODGER: A 12-pack of Molson Ice sitting right there, man. He didn't say one thing about it. I was all mellowed out. I wasn't nervous or nothing.



Drawing by Harvey Bennett Stafford

JOSEPH: Dilaudid makes you a kinder, gentler person.

RODGER: I like it, man. It helps me.

BF: What did the cops say to you?

RODGER: They said, "We can take you to jail, man. We know you stole the inspection sticker and put it on yourself." I said, "I didn't do it, man." JOSEPH: They'll put you in jail for five years for something like that. It's like a federal offense, forgery.

RODGER: They said, "Where'd you get this?" I said, "Uh, I got this at the Import Export, right there on 48th." I just chilled out. I was wearing my magic alligator claw. It saved me, man. That was the second time.

JOSEPH: It's awesome, the sickest looking thing.

RODGER: I bought it on mushrooms in New Orleans.

BF: Now I see the connection to all the hippy chicks.

JOSEPH: So, Seymour, you got a regular job. You pay taxes to the government and shit?

BF: Yeah.

JOSEPH: You file Federal taxes?

BF: Yeah.

JOSEPH: Man, you're going to wind up paying for that O.J. Simpson trial.

BF: I got my money's worth. They practically paid me for it.

RODGER: That's pretty sick.

JOSEPH: I haven't paid income taxes for 13 years.

BF: You're going to wind up sharing a cell with O.J. Simpson.

JOSEPH: I ain't sharing no cell. I use different names and different social security numbers. I ain't supportin' the government's agenda for one moment. Not even half a moment.

BF: You would if their agenda included blown-up photos of pussy. Tell me about your father.

JOSEPH: You mean how he croaked? That was some nasty shit. He wasn't in really good health. It was horrible to see death face-to-face. I realized that I take breathing for granted. That last gasp of life, that's what sticks in my mind, the last few minutes of fighting it to the end. I grew up in a Mafia family and I've seen all sorts of killings since I was a little kid and it's definitely affected the way my head is. When you see people stuffed into

trunks of cars with their ears cut off and bodies getting dragged out of the river, it makes a big difference on how you look at life. Actually seeing the medical version of death was... ugh... it was a reminder that everything about religion and immortality is all such bullshit. A real wake-up call.

BF: A real Scorsese film. What was it like growing up in a Mafia family?

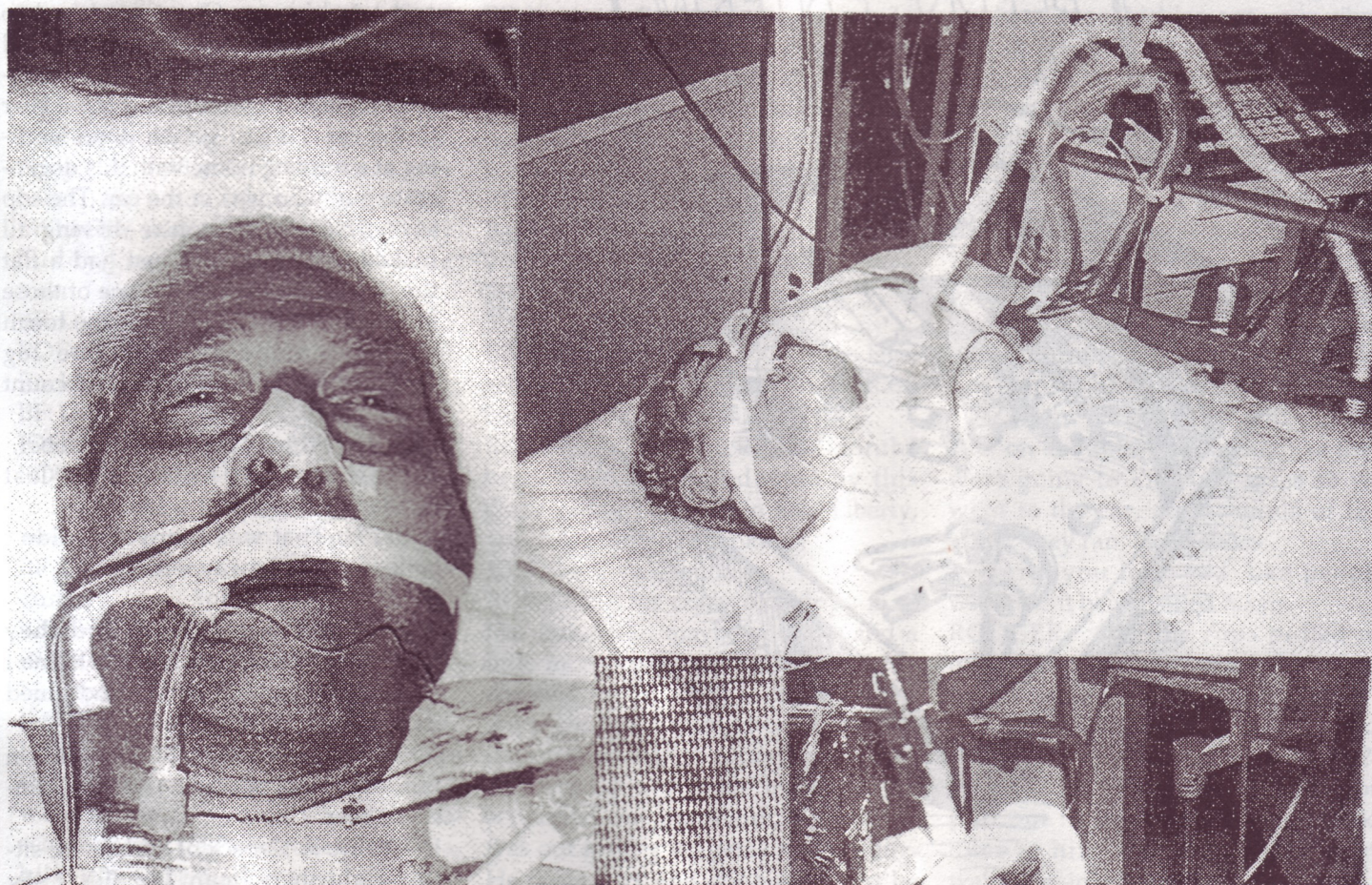
JOSEPH: It was pretty weird. There was always a lot of pressure to be a scientist or something, and to lean toward my intellectual capacity, to avoid the criminal part of life. There was always a lot of pussy and a lot of money around. I grew up to be six-foot-three, you know, like a killer. Physical. There was a big attraction for me to get involved in that world. I tried it for a little while.

BF: How old were you when you saw people with their ears cut off stuffed into trunks?

JOSEPH: Twelve or thirteen.

BF: Why was your father exposing you to this stuff?

JOSEPH: My father was never part of it. He was German. My mother's



Joseph's father in the hospital

father was the local Italian Godfather. I saw it because of my uncles. One of them was a bookie and the other was an enforcer.

BF: Why were they taking care of business with you along for the ride?

JOSEPH: We'd be on the way to a funeral or something and they'd stop by the wharf, go down to the loading dock, there'd be a big meeting there. By accident I'd see something.

RODGER: Instead of a cow hanging in a meat locker, there'd be a dude hanging.

JOSEPH: There was this guy named Big Nose Sam, he was related to the Patriarcha family in Rhode Island. He was fucking the Mafia guy's wife. He wound up in the trunk of the car with his ear cut off. He was a handsome guy up until then.

RODGER: You know how hard it is to pick up chicks with one ear?

JOSEPH: You'd look like Van Gogh and shit.

RODGER: You'd have to be some freaky artist. Then they'd think it's cool, "Look at my boyfriend with one ear."

JOSEPH: The Mafia isn't that much different from the government. They're pretty much the same kind of thing. They operate the same way. They have confidence games, deception, weird codes of trust, and a cut-throat approach to economics and leadership.

BF: Why was Daddy in the hospital?

JOSEPH: He was 74 years old with prostate cancer, congestive heart failure and a respiratory ailment. He never smoked or drank much but he was a big dude. He used to box when he was a kid. He was a photographer. He had kind of a soft life so when he got sick it was sick in 10 different ways. He was hooked up to so many life-support machines that I think the nurses were glad when I said to take him off. It was a lot of pressure to keep him on life-support. There was big money involved. For a five-month hospital stay, his bill was close to \$240,000. I was thinking for about two or three weeks, "Fuck, if he's got any kind of cognitive ability at all, keep him alive." I went in there one day and his eyes were all pus-covered, this beige guck. When I took those pictures I sent you, he couldn't see shit.

He was like a vegetable. He didn't know if I was his son or the President of the United States.

BF: Why did you want to take his picture in that state?

JOSEPH: Because of my warped inner self. I don't know why I did it. It was something I had to do. Make a lasting record.

RODGER: Those are good pictures. They're disturbing. He was pretty spaced-out.

JOSEPH: I said, "Fuck this; pull the plug."

RODGER: The saddest part is that we were supposed to crucify his dog. Somebody let him go.

JOSEPH: I think my girlfriend Liz knew that we were going to take him out in the woods and hang him from a tree and eviscerate him. Kind of like the way I'd like to kill Rush Limbaugh. The dog was Satan.

RODGER: He might as well have been a right-wing fanatic.

JOSEPH: But it never happened because of the way my father's death went down. Then cremation, that was another adventure. It's a lot cooler than Christian crap with all the icons and verbal bullshit.

RODGER: We're going to do a limited edition seven-inch with the ashes of Joe's father.

JOSEPH: The ashes weigh about two pounds. We'll use about a quarter of an ounce to roll in joints. I figure that's the best tribute in the world. You put a few ashes of the dead into the weed and it'll be like I'm smoking my Dad. It'll be a bonded moment. He'll be in the synapses in my brain.

RODGER: You'll be tripping out on old man memories.

JOSEPH: I'll be running around yelling at people. My father was a mean old fuck. He hated everyone.

BF: Did he ever beat you?

JOSEPH: He was a physical maniac. He was always bright but he had a lot of German tendencies. He was a big, aggressive person. He'd yank people out of their cars at traffic lights and beat the crap out of them for flipping



him off. He had a temper on him.

BF: Did he ever make you wear women's clothes as punishment?

RODGER: You're a pervert, Seymour.

BF: He said he had German tendencies.

JOSEPH: He wasn't no Hitler. He was more like Albert Speer or Mengele. He smacked me for legitimate reasons, but men don't do dresses in our family. We ain't Nirvana.

BF: Tell me about the booklet you did with the Smell and Quim / Macro-nympha collaboration.

JOSEPH: That's supposed to grab your guts and make your dinner come out your ears.

RODGER: It's got girls with... things.

BF: Big penises.

RODGER: Right. Dudes with tits, chicks with dicks. Big ones.

JOSEPH: There are some little dicks,

too. I guess prolonged estrogen injections makes your balls and your dick shrivel up. We met this one TS, she didn't really have a dick because she'd gotten the poor man's corrective surgery, the \$1,000 K-Mart job. Because of the hormones, her dick was almost nonexistent. It was hilarious because she was the hottest chick in Pittsburgh for awhile.

RODGER: She was *not* the hottest chick in Pittsburgh.

JOSEPH: She was friendly. I have to admit, for awhile I thought she was all right, but when the revelation came, it was bitter pill to swallow. She was into magic and Wicca, she can speak four languages, and all of a sudden you find out this person is part of that third gender.

RODGER: She had a really big Adam's Apple.

JOSEPH: Upon closer inspection, yeah.

RODGER: I was in this one bar during one of those low points, where you know when you get so fucked up, all of a sudden you're not there. You're staring into blackness. I look over and these two chicks are looking at me, laughing. I was like, Okay, I can handle this, I look back over, and one of the chicks is this dude wearing a dress. I was like, Oh, what's happening to me?

BF: "The revelation came," "a bitter pill to swallow," that whole thing at the Hard Rock Cafe and Chubby Checker's guitar. I'm no strict Freudian, but I can read between the lines. It seems like you two are ready to have sex with other men. Or at least other men in drag. Joseph even told me in a letter that some transsexuals give him "a raging hard-on."

RODGER: That's sick.

JOSEPH: Seriously, Rodger, Tula, that one who was in the James Bond movie, that blonde chick was fucking gorgeous. If you met her on the street, you wouldn't know she'd had a sex-change operation. We saw pictures up-close of pussies that had been transformed. The surgery's so complete nowadays, you can't even tell. The ones who are post-op like Lana Wood are fascinating.

RODGER: Well... I don't know, man. They don't give me no raging hard-on. Whatever, man.

Collage by Rougeux



JOSEPH: There is a biological basis for all this. If you're a dude and you've got the X-Y chromosome and a desire to dress up like a woman, that's a little unnatural. Some transsexuals, like Tula, are documented as having the X-X chromosome and are X-X-Y. Some serial killers have the same genetic trait. Henry Lucas, Ramirez, the Boston Strangler, they all had it. It's been proven clinically that it can either make you kill or desire to be a woman. You can have your dick removed and you can do the surgery and with estrogen acquire all the secondary sex characteristics that'll make you look like a woman.

BF: You should try fucking a pig, Rodger. Sows have cervixes that clamp down on your knob and they don't let go until they're done with you. You'd dig it.

RODGER: I'd be afraid.

JOSEPH: There are stories about how a victorious Berber warrior would fuck vanquished enemies in the ass, and right as he was about to come, he'd put a sword through the other guy's head so he could feel the guy's rectal death spasms during his orgasm. They'd also do the same thing

with chickens and geese. They'd ride around on their horses, these Arab warriors fucking chickens and geese and just as they were about to come, they'd chop the head off. The goose's ass muscles would clamp down. Like a fucking hydraulic pump.

RODGER: I'll have to try that. I'll show up at work one day with a car full of geese.

BF: Covered in blood and feathers. People will respect you for that.

JOSEPH: I picked up these two hippy chicks after I'd been duck hunting. They saw these two dead ducks in the back seat with their heads cut off. They were freaking out. They thought I was going to drag them up to the reservoir and kill them.

RODGER: Did you fuck the goose-necks? You'd have to pull out the vertebrae so you can slide your dick in without hurting it.

JOSEPH: No, I just wanted to shellac the heads. You wouldn't need to take anything out, though. Just crack 'em open. You could fuck 'em with lubrication from the intestines. At least that's what it said in those books. All that stuff about necrophilia, all the stuff I put with those tapes, it comes

from the same book. There are all sorts of holes to penetrate. Open wounds...

RODGER: Coffee filters...

JOSEPH: I think the Romans were into wound-fucking. They must have fucked Jesus's wounds.

RODGER: It was a fad, just like collecting beer cans.

JOSEPH: What other stories were there in that book? Oh, they make a guy drink a barrel of wine in a 12-hour period and then these harem chicks would tie their balls up with a tight cord and then put 'em out in the sun. The cord would tighten up until their dicks burst open and all the wine would come pouring out. That was an entertainment for some of the early Indian princesses of Delhi and Bombay.

BF: Those bitches.

RODGER: I can see the attraction.

JOSEPH: People had genital collections. Different preserved genitals displayed on the mantelpiece.

BF: Rodger, are you breathing heavy because we're talking about this?

RODGER: That's Joe breathing heavy.

JOSEPH: I ain't breathing heavy.

BF: Are you fondling yourself?

RODGER: I'm counting stuff in my pocket.

JOSEPH: He's doing a drug inventory.

RODGER: I was smoking pot and I wanted some PCP and we couldn't find any so we just got some superglue and covered all the dope with it. We were smoking it while I was driving through these parking garages. All of a sudden I freaked out and started driving like 75. I ran into these cars and smashed 'em up. We got out and started hitting my car with a hammer. We had to take my tire off.

JOSEPH: Were they nice cars? Did you hit rich people's cars?

RODGER: Yeah.

JOSEPH: That's cool. I used to drive a taxicab. In the winter time we would smash into Mercedes, Cadillacs and Lincolns. Just to fuck 'em up.

RODGER: Fuck, yeah, man. Cars are good.

JOSEPH: Motorcycles are better, man. Motorcycles give me a raging hard-on. Fuck transsexuals. It's like flying without an airplane.

RODGER: I'm afraid of my reflexes on a motorcycle. I can get pretty slow

sometimes.

JOSEPH: I was driving a motorcycle in L.A. one time, picked up this chick hitchhiking. We drove all the way to San Francisco. We were driving down that real steep street in San Francisco, the one that's at a 45-degree angle and she's rubbing my balls all the way down the street. So we drove down to the beach. I fucked her brains out. I had sand up my ass.

BF: Everyone does that here.

JOSEPH: We saw people fucking at the zoo, too.

RODGER: Ho. I saw a sad, sad gorilla at the Erie Zoo, which is the most pathetic one. We'd eaten some LSD and these two ladies were there. One of them had a coffee can with a small turtle in it. She was showing it to the gorilla. She said to the gorilla, "Look at the turtle." Then she turns to her friend and says, "Look at him. He likes my turtle." She was seriously into it. The Erie Zoo is so small that the monkeys are in the same area as the giraffes. So there were all these monkeys jacking off onto baby giraffes. It was sick. I was happy. And

I saw these miniature goats. We were laughing at them, going, "Look at how cute they are." Then this one goat takes a piss, looks right at us and starts licking it up.

BF: Your compassionate side is starting to show.

RODGER: You're welcome to come stay with us. We'll take you out and, uh...

BF: Get me killed.

RODGER: No, man, we'll get you drunk.

BF: If you met me, you guys would hate me. You'd think I was a pussy.

RODGER: How tall are you, Seymour?

BF: Six, six-one.

RODGER: You got big muscles?

BF: Nah.

RODGER: Why not?

BF: It's these damn estrogen injections.

RODGER: I like to smoke pot and do push-ups for half an hour.

JOSEPH: I like sit-ups.

BF: I like eating chocolate chip cookies. My people consider them a delicacy.

RODGER: I think you'd like me if you met me.

BF: Why? What would I like about you?

RODGER: Shit, my fuckin' compassion.

JOSEPH: Bwaa hah hah!

BF: You have big sincere eyes and a gentle smile.

RODGER: And a tight ass.

BF: That counts for something.

RODGER: No, man, we like *Banana-fish*. You open it up and it's waving on you. You can do drugs and it doesn't get more confusing. It's already fucked up, crazy shit that don't make no sense.

JOSEPH: Okay, let me ask you this. If you were locked in a room with two knives and Mason Jones, who would kill whom? I'm betting on you, Seymour, of course. You could hang



Joseph on his way to the U.S. Army induction center

with us, Seymour. It's the G.X. Larsens of the world who will die during the helter-skelter.

RODGER: He'd probably want to talk about it.

JOSEPH: He'd try to negotiate. "Seymour, if I gave you 20 CDs and a new sampler, will you not kill me?" Some of the Trance stuff is okay. Mason's an okay musician but he's not a great player or nothing. He played with us onstage and Rodger played circles around him. He's not Keiji Haino. We could have gone the big label rock'n'roll route if we wanted to. We're both pretty good musicians.

RODGER: I could have been in Winger if I wanted to. That's how good I am. But I'd rather drive a truck for a living than have to play with Bon Jovi.

JOSEPH: When Mason met us I think he was put off by the way we are. We were fine when we had E-mail, but when we met, there wasn't any kind of camaraderie there. We can hang out with Hiroshi from C.C.C.C. or Stéphane from Sounds For Consciousness Rape or RRRon and talk about pussy without offending anybody. The first politically incorrect thing you say with Mason, oh, Jesus Christ.

BF: Joseph, when were you in the army?

JOSEPH: Oh, man, 1978. It was the summer of all the hatchet murders in Korea. All the border guards were chopping up American lieutenants.

RODGER: Gllah.

BF: Some people will do anything to

get laid.

JOSEPH: I was supposed to go to Germany but they wanted to send me to Korea because I got injured during basic training. I was able to get out on a nice honorable discharge without having to do a full two-year term.

BF: Why Korea? Because you were defective merchandise?

JOSEPH: During maneuvers one day, we were out on a bivouac and I broke my foot. A fat guy fell over during training and me and my buddies tripped over him. There was a big gauge out of my combat boot. It was broken completely in half. There was only a medic around and he didn't fix it the right way. When we got back to the base, they had to break my foot again to fix it, which meant that I'd be sidelined for six or seven months. So I said "Fuck this, just let me out." And they did.

BF: You didn't go to Korea?

JOSEPH: No, but I wish I had because I love Asian women.

BF: You blew it. You could have done a little lieutenant-slashing.

JOSEPH: No Korean pussy either. There was one guy who was telling the guys who were going to Korea that Korean pussies went sideways. Half these hicks from Texas and Tennessee believed that Korean pussies went horizontal instead of vertical and they'd have to get different condoms. I signed up to go to Germany because I speak German. I thought I'd have a good time with the liebfrau over there. I just wanted to get a paycheck so I could pay for

school. I wasn't in long enough to qualify for the G.I. Bill but I did get an FHA mortgage on the house. But that's it. No benefits or insurance or nothing.

BF: Did you binge before reporting for active duty?

JOSEPH: We did three days of LSD. The very last day we smoked this real good hash that some guy had brought back from Cambodia or Thailand. We had to take a physical so we needed to get vials of fake piss. We had to pass the piss tests with somebody else's piss.

RODGER: Oh, man, I was trying to drink some chick's piss the other day. She wouldn't do it. She thought it was gross.

JOSEPH: What kind of diet did she have?

RODGER: Primanti's.

BF: What's that?

RODGER: Primanti Brothers, an Italian sandwich shop.

JOSEPH: Salami piss would be terrible. Garlic and peppercorns. Uucch. Jimmy the Rat went in there one day and ordered four of these sloppy, slimy sandwiches and he actually expected us to eat them. We were out in the alleyway feeling up his girlfriend while he was slopping this shit down his throat.

RODGER: Hey!

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